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Assembly-man;

Written in the Year 1647.

ΘΕΟΦΡΑΣΤ. Χαιρῶν. 17.
ΕΙ ΠΕΡΙΕΡΓΙΑΣ.

Διηγείρε τὸς μαχημένους, ὥς ὁ ζωνόκε ἀτοκῶ ἠγνοῦσα·
ὃ ἐμύνηται μέλλων, εἰπὼν πρὸς τὸς ἀπειρημένους, ὅτι ὁ
πρὸς τοὺς πολλὰκις ἐμώμενα. i. c.

*He seditiously stirr's up men to fight: he'll teach others
the way whereof himself is most ignorant; and persuades
men to take an Oath, because himself had sworn it before.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for Richard Marriot, and are to be sold at his
shop under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street,

1662.

T H E

Assembly-man;

Written in the Year 1667.

O F T H E A S S E M B L Y
OF THE COMMONS OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED:
Touching the Petition of the
Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled

Sheweth, That the Petitioners do humbly
shew, That the said Commons do humbly
shew, That the said Commons do humbly

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the
Three Kings, in St. Dunstons Church in Fleet Street.

1667.

T H E

Assembly-man.

AN *Assembler* is part of the *States'* Chat-
tels: not *Priest*, nor *Burgess*, but a
Participle that shak's upon both. He
was chosen, as Sir *Nathaniel*, because
he knew least of all his Profession:
not by the Votes of a whole *Diocese*, but by one
whole *Parliament-man*. He ha's sat four years
towards a new Religion, but in the interim left
none at all: as his *Masters*, the *Commons*, had a
long Debate whether *Candles* or no *Candles*, but all the
mean while sat still in the Dark: And therefore
when the Moon quits her old Light, and has ac-
quir'd no new, *Astronomers* say she is in her *Synode*.
Shew me such a Picture of *Judas* as the *Assembler*, (a
gripping, false, Reforming Brother, rail's at *Wast* spent
upon the *Anointed*; persecutes most those Hands
which *Ordein'd* him; brings in men with *swords* and
flaves; and all for Money from the Honourable
Scribes and *Pharisees*;) One Touch more (a Line
tyed to his Name-sake *Elder-tree*) had made him
Judas Root and Branch. This *Assembly* at first
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was a full Century ; which should be reckon'd as the Scholiast's *Hecatomb*, by their Feet, not Heads : or count them by Scores, for in things without Heads Six-core to go to an Hundred. They would be a New *Septuagint* ; the Old translated Scripture out of *Hebrew* into *Greek*, these turn it to *four shillings a day*. And all these *Assemblers* were begot in one day, as *Hercules's* fifty Bastards all in one night. Their first List was sprinkled with some names of Honour (Dr. *Saunderson*, Dr. *Morley*, Dr. *Hammond*, &c.) But these were *Divines* ; too worthy to mix with such scandalous *Ministers*, and would not *Assemble* without the *Royal Call*. Nay, the first List had one Archbishop, one Bishop, and an Half, (for Bishop *Brownrigg* was then but *Elect*.) But now their *Assembly* (as *Philosophers* think the World) consists of *Atoms* ; petty small *Levites*, whose *Parts* are not perceptible. And yet these inferior postern Teachers have intoxicated *England*, (for a man sometimes grow's drunk by a Glister.) When they all meet, they shew Beasts in *Africk* by promiscuous coupling in gender Monsters. Mr *Selden* visit's them (as *Persians* use) to see wild *Asses* fight : when the *Commons* have tyr'd him with their new Law, these Brethren restesh him with their mad Gospel : They lately were gravell'd 'twixt *Jerusalem* and *Jericho* ; they knew not the distance 'twixt those two places ; one cry'd twenty

ty miles, another ten, 'twas concluded seven, for this reason, that *Fish* was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem-market : Mr Selden smil'd, and said perhaps the *Fish* was salt fish, and so stopp'd their mouths. Earl Philip goes thither to hear them spend; when he heard them toss their NATIONAL, PROVINCIAL, CLASSICAL, CONGREGATIONAL; he swore damnable, that a pack of good Dogs made better Musick : His Allusion was proper since the *Elder's Maid* had a four-legg'd Husband. To speak truth, this *Assembly* is the two Houses Tiring-room, where the Lords and Commons put on their Visards and Masques of Religion. And their Honors have so sifted the Church, that at last they have found the Bran of the Clergy. Yet such poor Church-menders must Reform and shuffle, though they find Church-Government may a thousand wayes be chang'd for the worse, but not one way for the better. They have lately publish'd ANNOTATIONS on the Bible, where their first Note (on the word CREATE) is a Libel against Kings for creating of Honors. Their Annotation on Jacob's two Kids, is, that two Kids are too much for one mans supper : but he had (say they) but one Kid, and the other made Sauce. They observe upon Herod, what a Tyrant he was, to kill Infants under two years old, without giving them a
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legal Tryal that they might speak for themselves. Commonly they follow the *Geneva Margin*, as those Sea-men who understood not the *Compass* crept along the Shore. But I hear they threaten a *second Edition*, and in the interim thrust forth a poultry *Catechism*, which expounds Nine *Commandments*, and eleven *Articles of the Creed*. Of late they are much in love with *Chronograms*, because (if possible) they are duller than *Anagrams*; O how they have torn the poor Bishops names to pick out the number 666! little dreaming that a whole Bakers dozen of their own *Assembly* have that *Beastly Number* in each of their Names, and that as exactly as their *Solemn League and Covenant* consist's of 666 words. But though the *Assembler's Brains* are Lead, his Countenance is Brass; for he damn'd such as held two *Benefices*, while himself has four or five, besides his *Concubine-Lecture*. He is not against *Pluralities*, but *Dualities*; He say's 'tis unlawful to have Two of his own, though Four of other mens; and observes how the Hebrew word for *Life* has no Singular number. Yet 'tis some Relief to a *Sequester'd Person* to see two *Assemblers* snarl for his Tithes; for of all kind of Beasts none can match an *Assembler* but an *Assembler*. He never enters a Church by the Door, but clambers up through a Window of *Sequestration*.

questration, or steals in through Vaults and Cellars by clandestine Contracts with an Expecting Patron. He is most sure no Law can hurt him, for Lawes dyed in *England* the year before the *Assembler* was born. The best way to hold him, is (as our King *Richard* bound this King of *Cyprus*) in silver chains. He loves to discourse of the new *Jerusalem*, because her streets are of fine gold; and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapside* pav'd with the *Philosophers stone*. Nay, he would say his Prayers with Beads, if he might have a Set made all of Diamonds: This, this is it which tempts him to such mad Articles against the *Loyal Clergie*, whom he dresse's as he would have them appear; just as the Ballad of *Dr. Faustus* brings forth the Devil in a *Friars weed*. He accus'd one Minister, for saying the *Blessed Virgin was the Mother of God*, (*Θεοτόκος*, as the Ancients call her.) Another he charg'd for a common Drunkard, whom all the Countrey knows has drunk nothing but Water these six and twenty years. But the *Assembler* himself can drink Widows Tears though their Husbands are not dead. Sure, if *Paracelsus's* Doctrine were true, (that to eat creatures alive will perpetuate mans life) the *Assembler* were immortal, for he swallows quick Men, Wives, and Children; and devours *Lives* as well as *Living's*; as if he were born in that Pagan Province

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where None might marry till he had kill'd twelve Christians. This makes him kneel to Lieutenant General Cromwell (as Indians to the Devil;) for he saw how Oliver first threw ----, then ----, and can with a wink do as much for ----: like Milo in the Olympicks, by practising on a Calf grew strong enough for a Bull, and could with ease give a lift to an Asse. The Great Turk was sending his Ambassador, to congratulate ~~the~~ Assembly's Proceedings against the Christians; He Order'd them Thanks for Licencing his Alcoran to be printed in English; but hearing Ottoman Cromwell had talk'd of marching to the walls of Constantinople, that Embassy was stopt. The onely difference 'twixt the Assembler and a Turk, is, that one plant's Religion by the power of the Sword, and the other by the power of the Cymetar. Nay, the greatest strife in their whole Conventicle, is who shall do worst; for they all intend to make the Church but a Sepulchre, having not onely plunder'd, but anatomiz'd all the true Clergy; whose Torment is heightned in being destroy'd by such dull Instruments; as the Prophet *Isaiah* was sawn to pieces with a wooden Saw. The Assembler wonder's that the King and his Friends live still in Hope; he thinks them all in *St. Clemens* case, drown'd with an Anchor tyed about his neck. He has now got power to Visit the

the *Universities*; where these blinking *Visitors* look on eminent Scholars (as the Blind-man who saw *Men like Trees*) as Timber growing within the Root-and-Branch *Ordinance*. The *Assembler* has now left Scholars so poor, they have scarce Raggs wherewith to make Paper. A man would think the *Two Houses* intend to transport the *Universities*, since they load Asses with Colledge-revenues. For though these *Assemblers* made themselves *Heads*, they are rather the *Hands* of Colledges, for they all are Takers, and take all. And yet they are such creeping Tyrants, that Scholars are expell'd the two *Universities*, as the old *Thracians*, forc'd from their Countrey by Ratts and Mice. So that Learning now is so much advanc'd, as *Arrowsmith's* Glasseye sees more than his Natural. They never admit a good Scholar to a *Benefice*, for the *Assembly's* Balance is the *Lake of Sodom*, where Iron swims and Feathers sink. Their Divinity-Disputations are with Women or Lay-men; and 'tis onely on one Question (*Episcopacy*) where the *Assembler* talks all that he and his friends can say, (though his best medium to prove *Presbyters* more ancient than *Bishops*, is, that *Scribes*, *Pharisees*, *Priests* and *Elders* were before the *Apostles*;) Yet if a Scholar or good Argument come, he flie's them as much as if they were his Text. This made him curse Dr. *Steward*,

Dr. *Laney*, and Dr. *Hammond*; and had he not had more Brals in his Face then in his Kitchin, he had hang'd himself at *Uxbridge*, and ended with that *Treaty*. For he has naught of *Logick*, but her *clutch'd fist*, and rail's at *Philosophy* as Beggars do at Gentlemen. He has very bad luck when he deals in *Philologie*, as one of them (and that no mean man) who, in his Preface to the *Reader*, sayes, that *St. Paul* had read *Eustathius* upon *Homer*, though the *Apostle* dyed a thousand years before *Eustathius* was born. The *Assembler's* Dyet is strangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry Bread at *Westminster*, four *Assemblers* for thirteen pence: But this sharpens and whets him for Supper, where he feeds gratis with his City-Landlord, to whom he brings a huge Stomach and News; for which cram'd Capons cram him. He *screw's* into Families where there is some rich Daughter or Heir; but whoever takes him into their bosom, will dye like *Cleopatra*. When it rain's he is Coach'd (a *Classis* of them together) rowling his Eyes to mark who beholds him. His shortest things are his Hair and his Cloak. His Hair is cut to the figure of 3; two high Cliffs run up his Temples, whose Cape of shorn hair shoot's down his Forehead, with Creeks indented, where his Ears ride at Anchor. Had this false Prophet been carried with *Habbakuk*, the *Angel* had caught
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fast hold of his *Ears*, and led him as he leads his Auditory. His Eyes are part of his *Tithe* at *Easter*, which he boyles at each Sermon. He has two Monthes, his Nose is one, for he speaks through both. His Hands are not in his Gloves, but his Gloves in his Hands, for 'twixt Sweatings, that is, Sermons, he handles little else, except his dear Mammon. His Gown (I mean his Cloak) reach's but his pockets: when he rides in that Mantle, with a Hood on his shoulders and a Hat above both, is he not then his own *Man of sin* with the *Triple Crown*? you would swear some honest Carpenter dress'd him, and made him the Tunnell of a Country Chimney. His Doublet and Hose are of dark Blew, a grain deeper than pure *Coventry*: but of late he's in Black, since the Loyal Clergy were persecuted into Colours. His two longest things are his *Nayles* and his *Prayer*. But the cleanest thing about him is his Pulpit-Cushion, for he still beats the Dust out of it. To do him right, commonly he weares a pair of good Lungs, whereby he turns the Church into a Belfry, for his Clapper make's such a Din, you cannot hear the *Cymball* for the *Tinkling*. If his Pulpit be large, he walk's his Round, and speaks as from a Garrison, (his own Neck is Palizado'd with Ruff.) When he first enters his Prayer before Sermon, he wink's and gasp's, and gasp's and wink's, as if he

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prepar'd to preach in another world : He seems in a
 Slumber, then in a Dream; then rumbles awhile;
 at last he sound's forth, and then throw's so much
 Dirt and Non-sense towards Heaven, as he durst not
 offer to a Member of Parliament. Now because Scri-
 pture bids him *not curse the King in his Thought*, he
 do's it in his Pulpit by word of mouth; though
 Heaven strike him dumb in the very Act, as it did
Hill at Cambridge, who while he pray'd, *Depose Him, O*
Lord, who would depose us, was made the *dumb Devil*.
 This (one would think) should gargle his foul
 mouth. For his only hope why God should hear
 him against the *King*, is the Devil himself (that great
Assembler) was heard against *Job*. His whole Prayer is
 such an irrational Bleating that (without a Metaphor)
 'tis the *Calves of his Lipps* : And commonly 'tis larded
 with fine new words, as *Savingable, Muchly, Christ-
 Jesusness, &c.* and yet he has the face to preach against
Prayer in an unknown Tongue. Sometimes he's found-
 er'd, and then there is such hideous Coughing! But
 that's very seldom, for he can glibly run over Non-
 sense, as an empty Cart trundles down a Hill. When
 the *King* girt round the Earl of *Essex* at *Lestythiell*, an
Assembler complain'd that *God had drawn his People into the*
Wulderneffe, and told Him, *He was bound in honour to feed*
them; for, Lord, said he, since thou giv'st them no Meat,
we pray thee, O Lord, to give them no Stomachs. He tore the
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the *Liturgie*, because, forsooth, it shackled his Spirit, (he would be a *Devil* without a circle,) and now if he see the Book of *Common Prayer*, the Fire sees it next, as sure as the Bishops were burn'd who compil'd it. Yet he has mercy on *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, because their *Meeters* are sung without Authority (no Statute, Canon, or Injunction at all,) only, like himself, first crept into private Houses, and then into Churches. Mr. *Rous* mov'd those *Meeters* might be Sequestred, and his own new Rithmes to enjoy the Sequestration; but was Refus'd, because *John Hopkins* was as ancient as *John Calvin*; Besides, when *Rous* stood forth for his Trial, *Robin Wisdom* was found the better Poet. 'Tis true they have a *Directory*, but 'tis good for nothing but *Adoniram*, who sold the Original for 400 l. And the Book must serve both *England* and *Scotland*, as the *Directory* Needle point's North and South. The *Assembler's* only Ingenuity is, that he pray's for an *extempore* Spirit, since his Conscience tell's him he has no Learning. His Prayer thus ended, he then look's round, to observe the Sex of his Congregation, and accordingly turn's the Apostle's *Men, Fathers, and Brethren* into *Dear Brethren and Sisters*. For, his usual Auditory is most part *Female*; and as many Sisters flock to Him, as at *Paris* on *Saint Margaret's* day, when all come to Church that are or hope to be with child that year. He divides his Text

as he did the Kingdom, make's one part fight against another: or as *Burges* divides the Dean of *Paul's* House, not into *Parts*, but *Tenements*, that is, so as 'twill yield most money. And properly they are *Tenements*; for each Part must be dwelt upon, though himself comes near it but once a *Quarter*; and so his Text is rather *Let out* than *Divided*. Yet sometimes (to shew his skill in *Keckerman*;) he *Butcher's* a Text, cut's it (just as the *Levite* did his *Concubine*) into many dead Parts, breaking the Sense and Words all to pieces, and then they are not *Divided*, but *Shatter'd*, like the Splinters of *Don Quixot's* Lance. If his Text be to the Occasion, his first Dish is *Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver*; yet tells not the People what *Pictures* those were. His Sermon and Prayer grin at each other, the one is *Presbyterian*, the other *Independent*, for he preaches up the *Classes*, yet pray's for the *Army*. Let his *Doctrine* and *Reason* be what they will, his *Use* is still to save his *Benefice* and augment his *Lecture*. He talks much of *Truth*, but abhors *Peace*, lest it strip him as naked as *Truth*; and therefore hates a *Personal Treaty*, unless with a Sister. He has a rare simpering way of expression; he call's a Married Couple *Saints that enjoy the Mystery*; and a man Drunk, is a *Brother full of the Creature*. Yet at Wedding Sermons he is very familiar, and (like that Picture in the Church at *Leyden*) shew's *Adam* and *Eve* without *Fig-leaves*. At Funerals

nerals he gives infallible Signs that the Party is gone to Heaven : but his chief Mark of a *child of God*, is to be good to *God's Ministers*, And hence 'tis he call's his Preachment *Manna*, fitted not to his Hearers *Necessity*, but their *Palat*, for 'tis to feed Himself, not them. If he chance to tire, he refreshes himself with the People's Hum, as a Collar of Bells do chear up a Pack-horse. 'Tis no wonder hee'l preach, but that any will hear him, (and his constant Auditors do but shew the length of their Ears;) For he is such an *Ἀβυσσος*, that to hear him make's good Scholars sick, but to read him is death. Yet though you heard him three hours hee'l ask a fourth, as the Beggar at *Delph* craves your Charity because he eat's four pound of Bread at a Meal. 'Twas from his Larum the Watch-makers learn'd their *infinite Skrew*. His Glasle and Text are equally handled, that is, once an hour : nay sometimes he sally's and never returns, and then we should leave him to the Company of *Lorimers*, for he must be held with Bit and Bridle. Who ever once has been at his Church can never doubt the History of *Balaam*. If he have got any new Tale or Expression, 'tis easier to make Stones speak than him to hold his peace. He hates a Church where there is an *Eccho*, for it robs him of his dear *Repetition*, and confounds the Auditory as well as he. But of all Mortals I admire the *Short-hand-men*, who have the patience to write from his Mouth:

had they the art to shorten it into Sense, they might write his whole Sermon on the back of their Nail. For his Invention consist's in finding a way to speak Nothing upon any thing; and were he in the *Grand Seigniors* power, he would lodge him with his *Mutes*; for *Nothing* and *Nothing to purpose* are all one. I wonder in conscience he can preach against *Sleeping* at his *Opium-Sermons*. He preaches indeed both in season and out of season; for he rayl's at Popery, when the Land is almost lost in Presbytery, and would cry out *Fire, Fire*, in *Noah's Flood*. Yet all this he so act's with his Hands, that in this sense too his Preaching is a *Handicraft*. Nor can we complain that *Plays* are put down while he can preach, save only his *Sermons* have worse Sense, and lesse Truth. But he blew down the *Stage* and preach'd up the *Scaffold*. And very wisely, lest men should track him, and find where he pilfers all his best *Simile's*; (the only thing wherein he's commendable, *St. Paul* himself having cull'd Sentences from *Menander's THAIS*, though 'twas his worst, that is, unchast Comedy.) Sometimes the *Assembler* will venture at the Original, and then (with the Translator of *Don Quixot*) he mistake's *Sobs and Sighs* for *Eggs and Collops*. But commonly (for want of *Greek and Latin*) he learns *Hebrew*, and freight is illuminated; that is, mad; his Brain is broke by a Brickbat cast from the Tower of *Babel*. And yet this
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empty windy Teacher has *Lectur'd* a War quite round the Kingdom: he has found a *Circulation of Bloud* for *Destruction* (as famous *Harvey* for *Preservation*) of Mankind. 'Twas easie to foresee a great Mortality when Ravens were heard in all *Corporations*. For, as Multitude of Frogs presage a Pestilence, so croaking *Lecturers* foretold an *Assembly*: Men come to Church, as the Great *Alexander* went to Sacrifice, led by Crows. You have seen a small *Elder-tree* grow in Chinks and Clefts of Church-walls, it seems rather a *Weed* than a *Tree*; which, lend it growth, makes a Rent in the Wall, and throw's downe the Church. Is not this the *Assembly*? grown from Schismes (which himself begot,) and if permitted, will make the Church but a *Floor* or *Church-yard*. Yet, for all this, he will be call'd *Christ's Minister* and *Saint*, as the Rebels against King *Jobu* were the *Army of God*: Sure when they meet, they cannot but smile: for the dullest among them needs must know that they all cheat the people: such grosselaw Impostors, that we die the death of the Emperor *Claudius*, poyson'd by *Mushromes*. The old Hereticks had Skill and Learning (some excuse for a Seduced Church,) Those were *Scholars*, but these are *Assemblers*; whose very Brains (as *Manichæus's* skin) are stuff'd with *Chaff*. For they study little, and preach much, ever sick of a *Diabete*: nor do they read, but weed Authours, picking up

cheap and refuse Notes, that with *Caligula* they gather Cockle-shells, and with *Domitian* retire into their Studie to catch Flies. At *Fasts* and *Thanksgivings* the *Assembler* is the *States*' Trumpet; for then he doth not *preach*, but is *blown*; proclaims News, very loud, the Trumpet and his Forehead being both of one metal. (And yet, good Man, he still prays for *Boldness*.) He hackney's out his Voice like a Crier; and is a kind of *Spiritual Agent*, receives Orders, and spreads them. In earnest the *States* can't want this Tool, for without him the *Saints* would scarce *Assemble*. And if the *Zealots* chance to fly out, they are charm'd home by this *Sounding Brass*. There is not on earth a baser *Sycophant*; for he ever is chewing some *Vote* or *Ordinance*; and tells the People how *savoury* it is; like him who lick'd up the Emperour's spittle and swore 'twas sweet. Would the *two Houses* give him *Cathedral Lands*, he would prove *Lords* and *Commons* to be *Jure Divino*: but should they offer him the *Self-denying-Ordinance*, he would justify the Devil and curse them to their faces, (his Brother Kirk-man did it in *Scotland*.) 'Tis pleasant to observe how finely they play into each others hands; *Marshall* procures Thanks to be given to *Sedgwick* (for his great pains) *Sedgwick* obtains as much for *Marshall*, and so they all pimp for one another. But yet (to
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their great comfort be it spoken) their whole seven-years Sermons at *Westminster* are now to be sold in *Fetter-lane* and *Pye-corner*. Before a Battail the *Assembler* ever speaks to the Souldiers; and the holding up of his hands must be as necessary as *Moses's* against the *Amalekites*: For he prick's them on, tells them that *God loves none but the valiant*: but when Bullets flye, Himself runns first, and then cry's *All the sons of Adam are cowards*! Were there any *Metempsychosis* his Soul would want a Lodging; no single Beast could fit him, being wise as a Sheep and innocent as a Wolf. His sole comfort is, he cannot out-sin *Hugh Peters*: Sure, as *Satan* hath possessed the *Assembler*, so *Hugh Peters* hath possessed *Satan*, and is the Devil's Devil. He alone would fill a whole Herd of *Gudarens*. He hath suck'd Bloud ever since he lay in the *Butcher's* Sheets; and now (like his *Sultan*) has a *Shambles* in his Countenance; so crimson and torrid, you may there read how *St. Lawrence* dyed, and think the three children were delivered from his face. This is *St. Hugh*, who will *Levell* the *Assembler*, or the *Devil's an Ass*. Yoke these Brethren; and they two couple like a *Sadducee* and a *Pharisee*, or a *Turk* and a *Persian*, both *Mahumetans*. But the *Assembler's* deepest highest Abomination, is his *Solemn League and Covenant*; whereby he strives to damn or
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logger the whole Kingdom; out-doing the Devil, who onely *perswades*, but the *Assembler force's* to *perjury* or *starving*. And this (whoever live's to observe it) will one day sink both him and his Faction: for he and his *Oath* are so much one, that were he half-hang'd and let down again, his first word would be *Covenant! Covenant!*

But I forget a *Character* should be brief: (though *tedious Length* be his best Character.) Therefore I'll give yee (what He denyes the Sequester'd Clergy) but a *Fifth Part*. For weigh him single, and he has the Pride of three Tyrants, the Forhead of six Gaolers, and the Fraud of twelve Brokers. Or take him in the Bunch, and their whole *Assembly* is a *Club* of Hypocrites, where six dozen of Schismatics spend two hours for four shillings apiece.

F I N I S.

THE